

# WALL STREET NUMBER

Volume 78

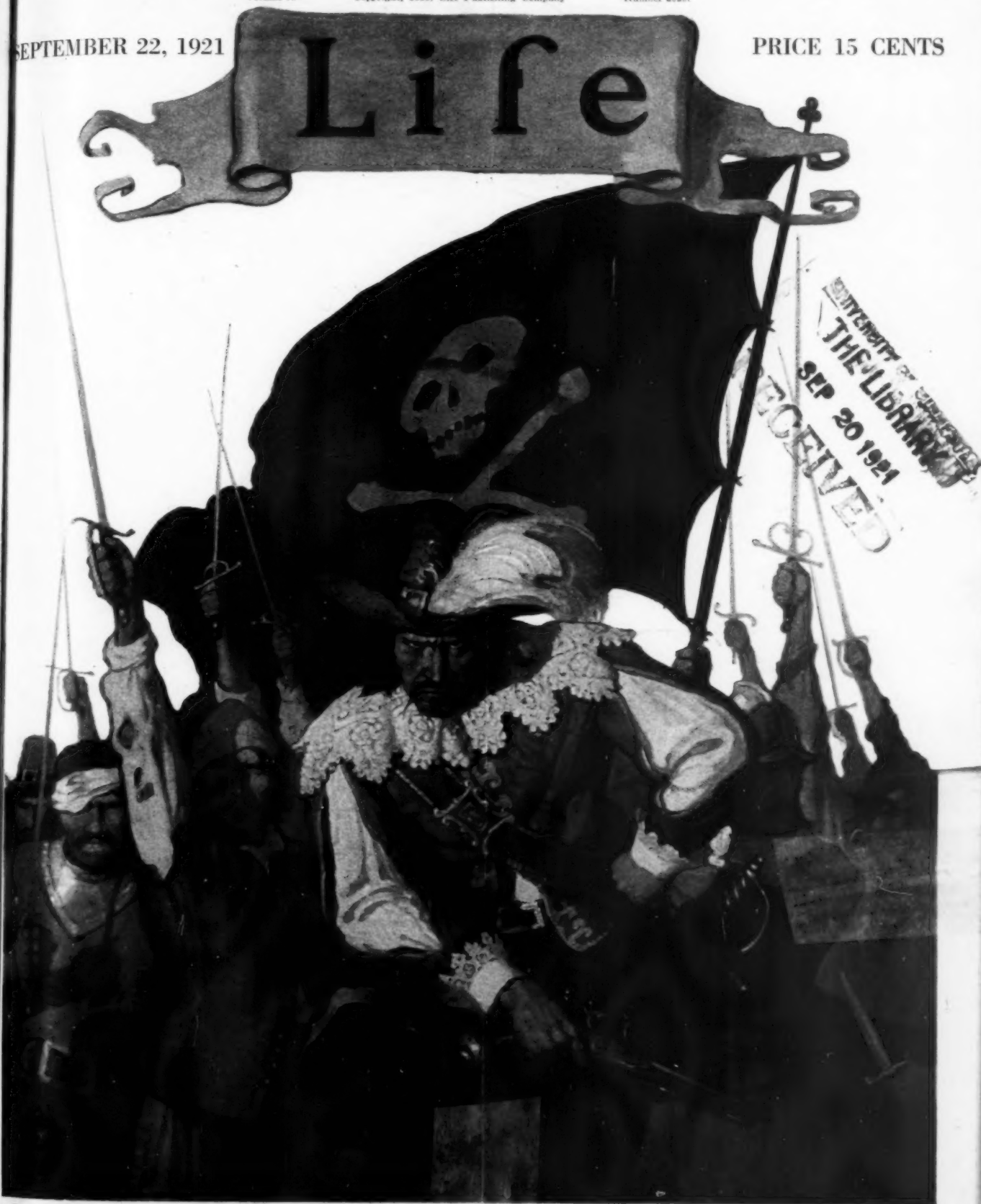
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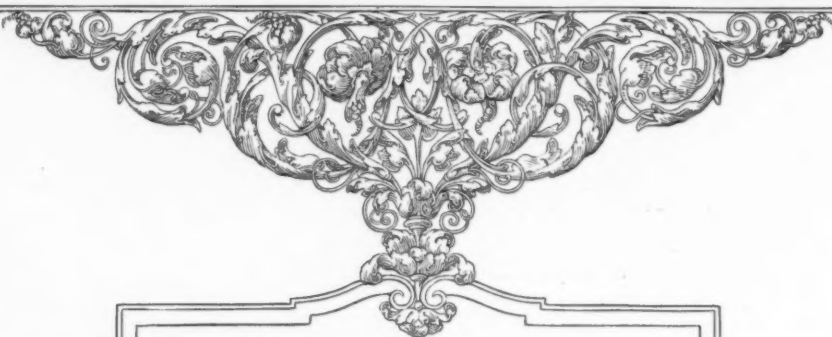
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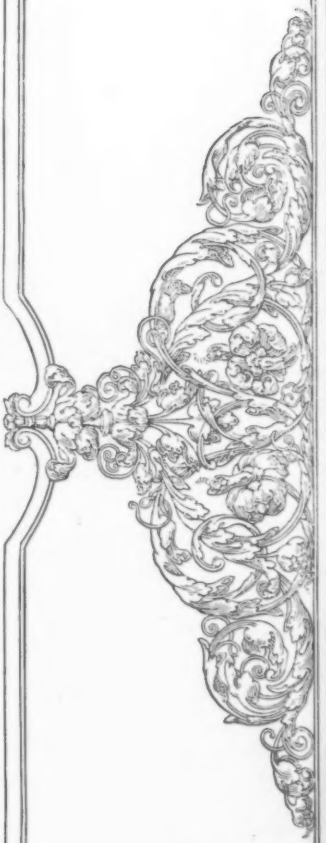
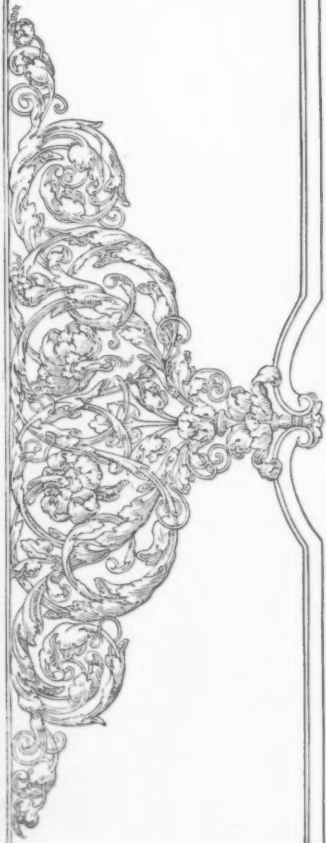
# Life



*"Stand and deliver!"*



On trim ankles the luster of  
silk not only gives the secu-  
rity of supreme elegance, but  
it makes evident the buying  
sagacity of the person who  
stands within. Phoenix  
hosiery has earned first place  
in world sales because of its  
low cost and the long miles it  
conquers in elegance, for men,  
women, and children. Smart  
and enduring hosiery in  
silk, and silk-and-wool, at the  
better retailers everywhere!



PHOENIX  
HOSIERY





# Life



## The Pot of Gold

George S. Chappell

IN days gone by, I call to mind,  
An ancient tale my elders told  
Of how, with patience, one might find,  
At the rainbow's end, a pot of gold—  
Which I, in childhood's greedy way,  
Resolved to make my own some day.

'Twas thus, all innocently, I  
Absorbed a devastating creed,  
Which snatched a glory from the sky  
And put a premium on greed.  
The promise of a rainbow meant  
To me not less than ten per cent.

At night when I was tucked in bed  
It seemed to me I ran and ran,  
Beneath a rainbow overhead,  
Until I'd crossed its shining span  
And, counting pennies, fell asleep;  
I had no use for counting sheep.

The moral of the tale is plain;  
The fair financial dreams of men  
Are merely blends of sun and rain  
That gleam and fade away again,  
And end up in some far-off spot,  
As in the story,—gone to pot.



"Mister, I'm de strongest boy in de bunch. If ye don't believe it, hold me coat an' I'll show ye."

## The First Things About Investments

Written Especially for People Who Don't Know the First Thing About Investments

MONTAGUE GLASS



ANY people invest their money in Wall Street without knowing the first thing about securities. Securities are of five kinds, viz: *High Grade Investments*, *Gilt Edged Propositions*, *Widows' Securities*, *Securities That Are Perfectly All Right* and *Good Investments*. Accidents can happen, of course, to any type of security, but in the case of *High Grade Investments* there seems to be no possibility of it. That is to say, no one, no matter how expert in such matters, can foresee that a *High Grade Investment* is going to go floeey. This is what makes it a *High Grade Investment*.

*Gilt Edged Propositions*, the next best grade of investment securities, are of such a high character that only one or two people on the inside—at the very most—have any idea that these securities are not of the safest variety. In the case of a great many *Gilt Edged Securities* sometimes only one man, a banker of wide experience and of the most impeccable character, has the slightest notion of what differentiates such *Gilt Edged Propositions* from the class of securities known as *High Grade Investments*. Broadly speaking, therefore, what does differentiate *High Grade Investments* from *Gilt Edged Propositions*, is that when or rather if they both go floeey, as to the former everybody is surprised and as to the latter everybody is surprised except one or two bankers.

Let us now examine the type of investments known as *Widows' Securities*. As the name implies, these securities are to be recommended to widows for the safe investment of funds left to such widows by their late husbands. Funds acquired by some widows during their widowhood might of

course be invested in more speculative types of securities, upon the principle, "Easy Come, Easy Go"; but for elderly widows, without hope of acquiring further property, and, one might add, without the necessary attractiveness or experience for making widowhood profitable or even amusing, *Widows' Securities* form an excellent type of investment. Occasionally *Widows' Securities* are of such a nature that they leave practically nothing for a widow to worry about. Under this head we would place the late common stock of the New Haven Railroad Company, but, in the main, *Widows' Securities* are investments which may be made by any widow without the slightest ensuing anxiety, depending, of course, upon whether or not such a widow is of a sanguine disposition. A little optimism is necessary when making investments in even the highest forms of securities, and if one is going to meet trouble half-way, widow or no widow, one might just as well invest one's money in the next lower grade of securities, which is *Securities That Are Perfectly All Right*.

Under the head of *Securities That Are Perfectly All Right* comes the type of investments made by authors, artists, college professors and people who have saved a little money by years of grinding economy. These securities are subject to more violent fluctuations than *Widows' Securities* and when (or if) they go floeey, any number of investment experts are not at all surprised. The reason why such investments are called *Securities That Are Perfectly All Right* is that when they go down fifty or sixty points the investor has every assurance they will come back again, provided the investor lives long enough—say two or three hundred years or so. To get the best results from *Securities That Are Perfectly All Right*, the investor ought to put them away in



"A fine traffic cop you are! If you'd arrested me for speedin', like you should, I wouldn't a run into that poor fella."

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Native: D'ye sell them pictures?

Artist: No; I'm only doing them for Art's sake.

"Well, does he sell them?"

his safe deposit box and try to forget all about them. It is also quite unnecessary for an investor in *Securities That Are Perfectly All Right* to look them up in the quotation list of the Wall Street page of the afternoon paper. If these securities go flooey, he will hear about it almost as soon as the receiver is appointed.

This brings us to the next lower type of securities, which is called *Good Investments*. It is hardly necessary to enter into a discussion of this type of security, except to say that one should put money into securities known as *Good Investments* only with the utmost caution. In fact, if one does not feel like investing in *Widows' Securities* or *Securities That Are Perfectly All Right*, it is a great deal better not to have anything to do with so highly speculative a proposition as *Good Investments*. In short, *Good Investments* are usually rotten. You now know as much as I do about investment securities, and, I am bound to admit, it isn't much.

#### Competition

"ARE you trying to make a fool of me?" he cried.

"I never interfere with nature," replied the girl with the painted cheeks and pencilled eyebrows.

#### Ever Hear Anybody Say This?

"I WAS to blame entirely, officer. I was driving thirty-five miles an hour and that car couldn't possibly have avoided me."

"That fellow can make more money in a week than I can in a year."

"I thoroughly enjoy eating at restaurants—never tire of the food, and eat three meals a day in 'em regularly."

"My car isn't worth nine hundred dollars but I'd like to have you buy it at that figure because otherwise I won't be able to finance my wife's trip to the seashore."

"My children are all slow to learn and uncommonly dull. All of them take after me."

"I was a regular sissy when I was a boy—never did anything my parents objected to, and loved school better than anything else."

"Both of my grandfathers were drunkards and several of my ancestors died in jail."

"I have plenty of time to study but I prefer to waste it having a good time."

"Come right in. I carry insurance but I'd like to take out a policy with your company to help it get a start."



### That Rapid Age

*Methuselah (on sightseeing tour):* Everything is changing. When I was young nine hundred years ago this place was uninhabited—and look at it now.

### Latest Wall Street Quotations

WALL STREET



**A** FOOL and his money are soon parted.—*Poor Richard.*

Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.—*New Testament.*

Honor sinks where commerce long prevails.—*Goldsmith.*

Many go out for wool and come home shorn themselves.—*Cervantes.*

I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon.—*Goldsmith.*

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—*Sterne.*

He has spent all his life letting down buckets into empty wells.—*Sydney Smith.*

Flat burglary as ever was committed.—*Shakespeare.*

Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink.—*Coleridge.*

This little pig went to market.—*Mother Goose.*

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter.—*Old Testament.*

The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure.—*Jerrold.*

The laws are with us and God on our side.—*Southey.*

In skating over thin ice our safety is our speed.—*Emerson.*

### Sympathy

**HOKUS:** You may say what you will of Borrowell, but you must certainly admit that he is sympathetic.

**POKUS:** Yes, he actually feels sorry for the people he owes money to.

### Notes of a Traveler

**T**HE maidens of Scotland, so ruddy of hue,  
Are made out of heather and apples and dew.

The maidens of Surrey and neighboring parts  
Are made out of roses and gooseberry tarts.

The maidens of Devon, if all that they seem,  
Are made out of strawberries, sugar and cream.

*Arthur Guiterman.*

### True to Form

CONTRARY to expectations, the silly season of 1921 did not slip by unobserved. Incomplete returns are as follows: 4,591 husbands remained happily married to their own wives.

6,383 visitors from Des Moines, Salt Lake City and points west did not find Greenwich Village "so interesting."

248 unionized steam laundries washed, starched and ironed 720,571 turnover collars without demolishing same.

126 summer girls said "yes" to the first man that popped to them, and meant it.

6,288 ordained ministers neglected to preach sermons on the peril of the one-piece bathing suit.

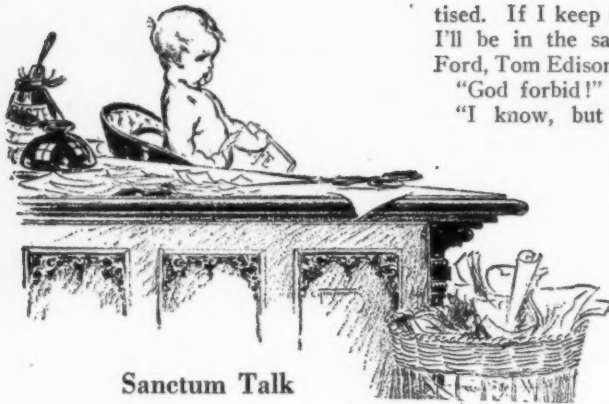
82 life guards got through the season without becoming engaged to an heiress.

**THE** Boston Minister who says jazz music is the greatest incentive to immorality has it wrong. It is an incentive to murder.



The Beginner

Copyright Life Pub. Co.



Sanctum Talk

"HELLO, LIFE!"

"Shades of Lucullus! If this isn't Andrew Mellon—the most modest millionaire in America. What can I do for you?"

"I came in to—"

"I'm sorry, old man, but I've only got a couple of millions in the cash drawer to-day; you see, yesterday I paid off some of the artists and—"

"Not that, LIFE. In case Great Britain doesn't pay up I may call on you later. This is only a personal matter. I'm troubled about myself."

"Make a clean breast of it; no matter what crimes you've committed, you've lived in Pittsburgh and I forgive you."

"It isn't quite that, LIFE. What troubles me is that I'm getting adver-

tised. If I keep on being talked about, I'll be in the same class with Henry Ford, Tom Edison and Nicholas Butler."

"God forbid!"

"I know, but there's no way out of it. Already I'm beginning to have a secret craving for notoriety. Isn't there something that—?"

"Nothing, Mr. Mellon, absolutely nothing."

"No, hope?"

"None, Mr. Mellon—not now."

"But the future?"

"Ah! That's different. No matter how hard this notoriety microbe grips you now, are you willing that—?"

"Oh yes, LIFE; I'll do anything. I'll never get used to it, anyway."

"Very well, then; adopt this suggestion."

"Quick! Out with it!"

"Never talk or think anything else but money, Mr. Mellon. Shout in billions. Nobody has any idea how unimportant they are; they'll all think you are really doing something. Talk nothing but money for the next three years—and then you are safe. After that you'll never be heard of again."

"LIFE! I thank you!"

"Don't mention it."

T. L. M.



"Jack, I don't want you to eat those berries; they are full of worms."  
"I know, mother; but the worms taste just like the berries."

## LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-four years. In that time it has expended \$191,130.33 and has given a fortnight in the country to 41,505 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Previously acknowledged .....	\$21,193.79
"In His Name," New Haven, Conn.	5.00
Camp Quinbeck, South Fairlee, Vt.	17.30
Leonie Danforth, Stamford, Conn.	5.00
Proceeds of a cake sale conducted by Elizabeth Olton, Elizabeth Green and Elizabeth Hoe at Cranford, N. J.	2.30
Proceeds of a lemonade and orangeade sale conducted by two little girls at Englewood, N. J.	2.00
V. G. Gillingham, Newark, N. J.	5.00
In memory of M. B. C., August 11, 1912 .....	5.00
In memory of E. B. N., August 23, 1913 .....	5.00
Margaret Williamson, Philadelphia.	10.00
Judge E. R. Finch, West Hampton Beach, L. I.	5.00
Cash, Los Angeles, Calif.	1.00
Stephen Lane and Elena Doty, South Sandisfield, Mass.	4.00
Ada Keigwin, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	5.00
In loving memory of Harriet Baird Duncan .....	5.00
In memory of C. S. E., Cincinnati.	50.00
Julia and Charlie, Cincinnati.	25.00
Janesville's share of the proceeds of a baseball game held at Janesville, Pa.	421.50
Jack and Catherine, Spencer, N. Y.	10.00
Mrs. C. W. Mengel, Belhaven, N. C.	10.00
Marjorie Van Zandt McQuide, Pittsburgh, Pa.	15.00
Collection Sunday, August 21st, at Camp Wyanoke, Wolfeboro, N. H.	12.51
Sixth birthday contribution from Wells Fargo Ostrander, Seattle, Wash.	25.00
Bernice H. Sykes, Paicines, Calif.	10.00
The Fort Mifflin Sunday School Children .....	20.00
"From Children's Party, Granliden, Sunapee, N. H."	5.50
Quinbeck Jr. Camp, South Fairlee, Vt.	14.00
Mrs. R. T. Sheldon, Oakland, N. J.	5.00
Credit balance "Good Will" account, Z. R. Umbarger, Chattanooga, Tenn.	2.00

\$21,895.90

## When They Were Children

ADAM was always ready to start a race.

Eve was always saying, "By your leaf."

Jonah was always wailing.

Noah always knew enough to come in out of the rain.

David was always harping on something or other.

Goliath was always saying, "Sticks and stones will break my bones, but names will never hurt me!"

Ruth was always gleaning—information.

Jezebel was always going to the dogs.

## Belinda's Inconsistency

BELINDA'S inconsistency

Is half Belinda's charms.

May I, through all existence, see

Belinda's inconsistency!

She laughs at my persistency,

But nestles in my arms.

Belinda's inconsistency

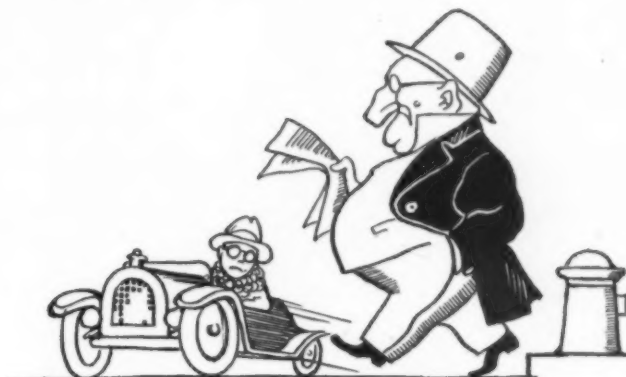
Is half Belinda's charms.

E. K. S.

# The Tale of the Irascible Merchant and the Heroic Office Boy



William McPherson, a mercantile person, was walking in Wall Street one morning



Intent upon reading quotations—unheeding an automobile's shrilly warning



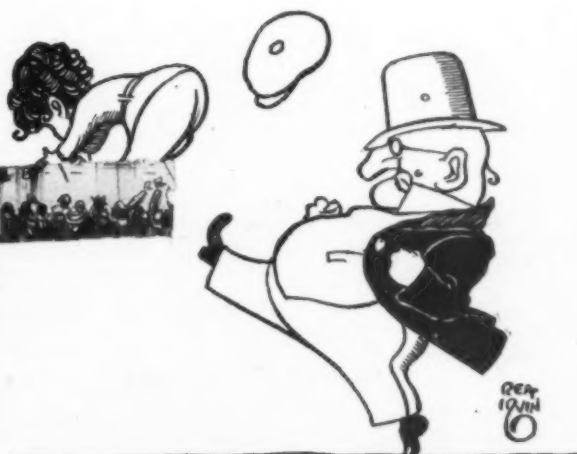
A young office boy named Oliver Joy saw the automobile just in time



And rescued the person of William McPherson, receiving his thanks and a dime



Said Oliver—"My! Your coat collar's awry." The Merchant with rage was near blind



For he'd rather tenfold have been killed than be told that his collar was turned up behind

## Life



## Lines

NO news is always good news to the proofreaders on the *Congressional Record*.

Song of the building trades—Keep the Home Buyers Yearning.

If the day of the specialist continues to draw nearer, men may get into the habit of living with only one wife.

It is hard to believe the world is improving till you realize that fewer movie serials are being shown.

Peace in Ireland is, of course, just a poetic figure. Like prohibition in America.

The high price of meat shows that the race is not always to the Swift & Co.

Feminine style is adjusting itself . . . in front of a mirror, of course.

Fake bankers, of the Ponzi order, have succeeded in extracting ten billion marks from the credulous public in Germany.

That's more than the Allies could do.

What with the Governor of Illinois being arrested, it is getting so that even the president of a bank can't take away the cash without running some risk.

Let us here highly resolve that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from thirst.

"Yale has taken the 'smatter' out of all her courses," Dean Jones is reported as saying. Presumably in answer to the query, "S matter, Yale?"

Women's skirts never could be listed on the stock exchange; the short interest would be too great.

These days the bow-legged girl hasn't much of a show.

Although their income hasn't been reduced, the penny slot machines still refuse to work.



## Local Gossip

Ebenezer Telefer has made up his mind to sell off his stock and turn his pasture into bungalow lots. His idea is to go in for firewood, garden truck and livery service.

Eb figures it'll be easier to milk them city fellers than that bunch o' Holsteins.

(To be continued in our next)

A ticket scalper thinks nothing of raising on a pair.

These days the principal occupation of New York contractors is having the streets done over into permanent waves.

Police bring back runaway husband to irate wife.—*Headline*.

Returning the complement, as it were.

You can get a sap from almost any family tree.

Taking the "Haig" out of Copenhagen is Pussyfoot's present ambition.

A Congressman says one cannot underestimate the intelligence of the American public. And the American public might reply—"Vice versa."

A North Carolina judge has sentenced five automobile thieves to attend church regularly for one year.

Was his object to encourage church-going, or merely to make the roads safe for Sunday motorists?

If they get home rule in Ireland, maybe it will spread to New York.

The trollibus is coming, a surface car without tracks; probably the idea is that you can kill more people that way.

Bergdoll, wine and beer will probably come back about the same time.

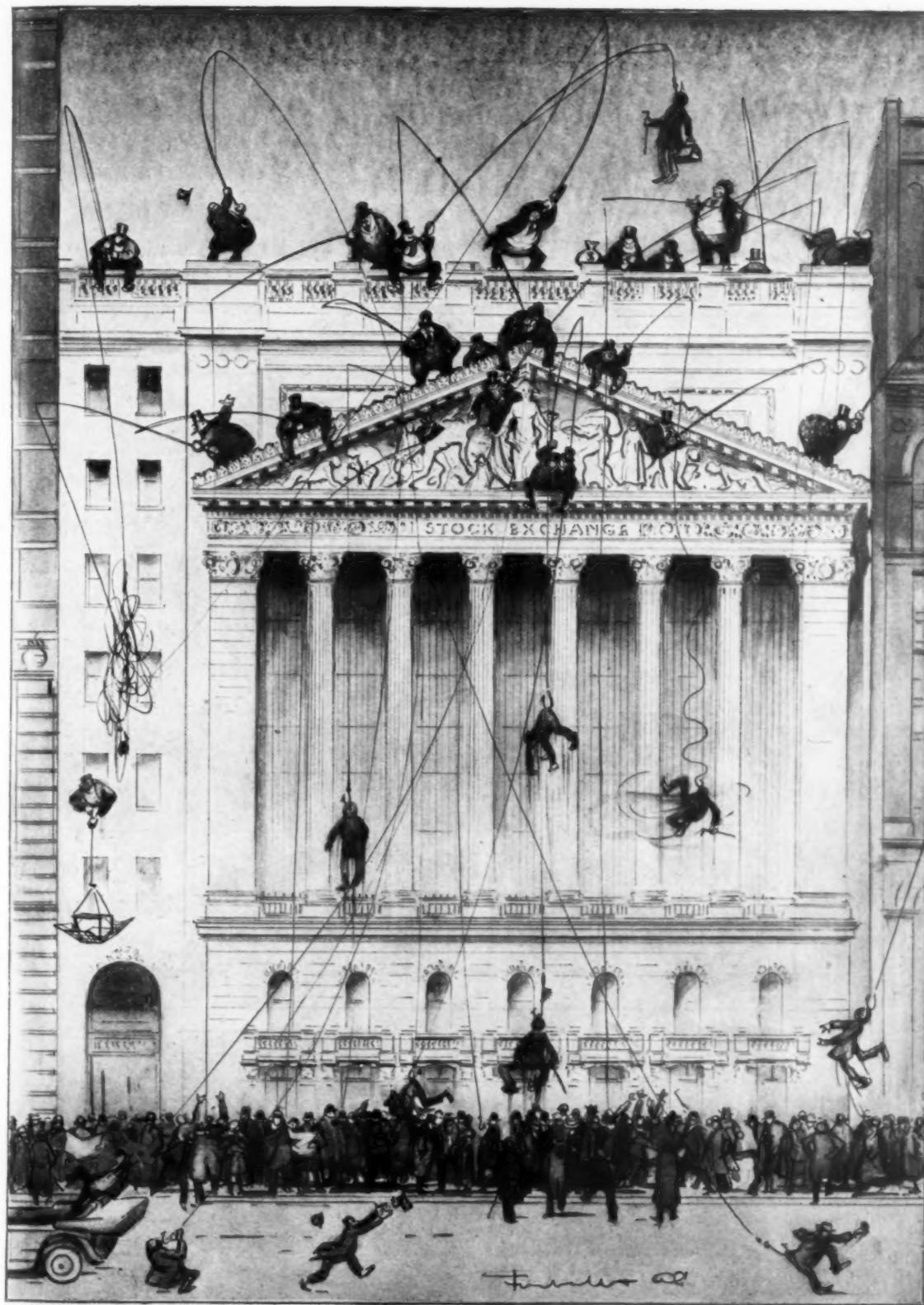
There should be an excess prophet tax imposed on these "wet" optimists.

When told by a deputy that the Communists were fast losing foothold, it is reported that Trotzky replied, "Quit your skidding."

Lasker says there has been inefficiency in the Shipping Board. Pretty soon someone will be claiming that there has been graft in Tammany.

The New York Stock Exchange has one thing in common with the New York theatres—All the seats are in the hands of speculators.

There is no secret about the fact that LIFE is offering a prize for the best Life Line to be published during the next three months. For further encouragement, see page 31 of this issue.



Drawn by Charles Forbell

### The Anglers

## A Harrowing Scene at the Bedside of Mr. Josiah Wallstreet

GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

I CALLED at the hospital yesterday to see my old friend, Josiah Wallstreet, and really, I was shocked at the poor chap's appearance. I had heard that he was under the weather—a general breakdown. I was told—but I was in no way prepared to find him in such a deplorable condition. "May I see Mr. Wallstreet?" I asked when I presented my card at the visitors' wicket. The answer was not reassuring.

"Possibly," said the official. "He is scarcely visible to the naked eye. Room twenty, second floor."

I wandered down a corridor odorous of rubber-tiling and anesthetic, and, finding the door half open, entered the room quietly. A sad sight met my gaze.

An efficient-looking nurse came softly toward me.

"Quiet, please," she said. "I am Miss Babson. He is sleeping."

In lowered tones we conversed by the window.

"How is he?" I inquired.

"His temperature was off an eighth at the opening," she said with professional calm. "Dr. Bullish came in to see him yesterday and he rallied quite sharply, but he has had several sinking spells since. I was just working on his chart."

A glance at the document which she handed me showed the gradual sinking of my old companion; the temperature-curve ran sharply toward the lower right-hand corner.



### Circumstantial

"My dear, I'm beginning to think Mazie is in love."

"Nonsense. Why?"

"I caught her trying to light her lipstick."

"He can't get much lower," said Miss Babson with a smile; "the paper isn't wide enough."

"You don't think—it's not—" I hesitated—"pernicious anemia?"

"Oh, no . . . he'll pull through. But his general motors are all run down. It's the life he's led."

"Has it been necessary to operate?"

"Oh my, yes," said Nurse Babson. "Dr. Bear has operated several times and nearly killed the poor dear."

"How is he mentally?"

"You'd never know him; he's so low and depressed. But you'll see. It's time for his medicine."

She crossed the room and approached the patient's bedside with two large bottles, one of which was labeled "Mixed Collateral," the other bearing a technical analysis of which I could only make out "tincture of iron, essence of oil, sugar of lead—"

"Wake up, dearie," said Miss Babson, pulling Josiah's forelock as if it were a door-bell. "Time for meddy."

Josiah opened one eye and instantly closed it again.

"I'm asleep," he announced.

Despite his feeble struggles Nurse Babson forced the noxious draught between his lips.

"There!" she said triumphantly. "It's down."

"Everything's down," shouted Josiah in a voice that startled me. Then suddenly opening his eyes he pointed at me.

"Who's that?" he cried. "A customer?"

"There, there, dearie," Miss Babson comforted. "You're out of your head. You'll feel better in a year or two."

"Call Money," he shouted wildly. "Call Money."

Giving me a meaning glance, Miss Babson stepped to the door and called gently down the corridor. "Here, Money, Money, Money." It seemed to calm him. He sank back with a wan smile and murmured, "I'm so hungry."

"That's good," she soothed. "And what would he like for his supper?"

"LAMB!" he screamed. "I want lamb. Lamb-chops, lamb-steaks, lamb-fries, lamb-pie!" Throwing back the covers he stretched an emaciated limb toward the floor.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

### If He Needed Help

A landlord named Isador Brent,  
When asked what the dumbwaiter meant,  
Replied with a grin,  
"I hat dot put in  
To assist me in raising the rent."

With a promptitude which I could not but admire, Miss Babson hit him smartly on the head with a heavy Indian club which stood by the bedside.

"No, no, dearie," she admonished. "Mustn't get up. No, no."

Poor Josiah! There he lay, babbling insanely.

"Please pass the dividends," he kept repeating. "Please pass the dividends."

Then he closed his eyes, breathed a long sigh and lay still.

"Poor Josiah Wallstreet," I thought as I hurried out of the gloomy building. I haven't dared look at a newspaper since my visit. He may get over it, but I feel sure that he will never look the same.

### The Lyric Baedeker

#### Glasgow

THE clamor and clang of the shores of the Clyde,  
Her forges that flare on the dark of the tide,  
The fleets that she pours to the sea are the pride  
Of Glasgow.

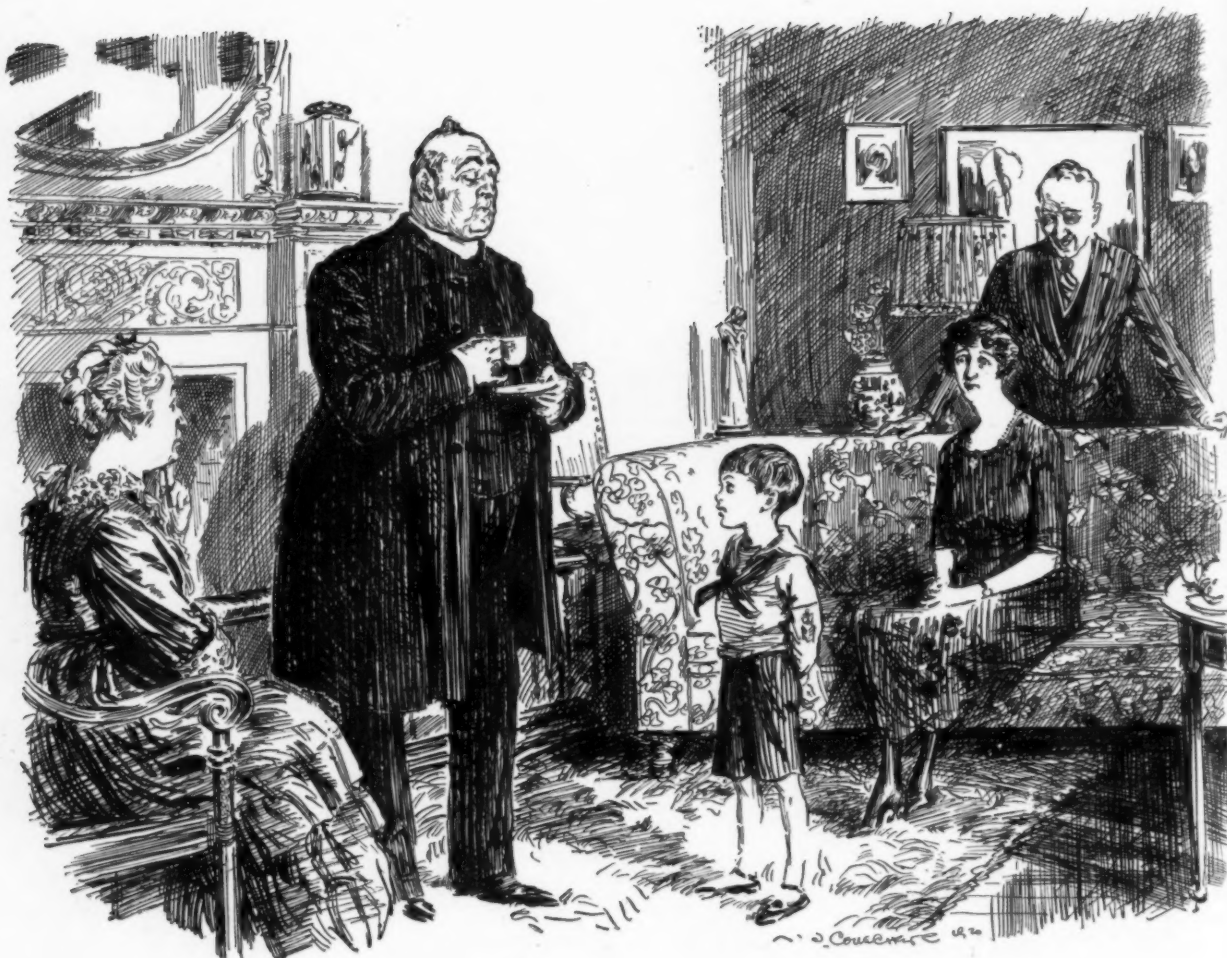
But drab is the town as a shawl-hooded crone,  
And dreary and cold with a chill all its own.  
You ask them for bread and they give you a scone,  
In Glasgow.

Her eyes never smile; but each Saturday night  
Her workers get drunk, which is patently right;  
For anyone would to escape from the blight  
Of Glasgow,

Arthur Guiterman.



Caught



"Well, my little man—and what is it you want to ask me?"  
 "Can you put your toe in your mouth?"

### Our Criminal Department

UP to the present time there are in the United States only 18,943,212 criminals—not including ourselves and two others who feel that they are not yet quite expert enough, and wish to wait. While it is quite true that this is a greater number of criminals in proportion to the population than in any other country on earth, it must be remembered that we are a great country, full of the highest ideals, which we ought, in all conscience, to live up to.

Our new classes are forming all the time. Come into our Bandits' Club, which now only lacks four to make the circle of twenty-five complete. This club will be coached in New Jersey, which offers the finest field for extensive operations like these. If you prefer to do lighter work, get a copy of our Kidnaper's Guide, and learn in ten lessons how to abduct babies. This in-

cludes chapters on "How to Ask for Ransom," "In and Out of Telephone Booths," "Keeping a Baby Alive on Only Ten Cents a Day," and "Working Up the Parental Agony." We have a few left-over movie babies on hand, which you can practice upon for a minimum sum.

Remember, if you keep on trying to be honest you will soon be ostracized by everybody. Come in now while the going is good. Remember our motto:

Let us then be up and doing  
 Everybody with a will.  
 Still a-thieving, still pursuing;  
 Learn to sandbag and to kill.

### Special Legislation

NORTH: Did Senator Bulger make you a promise?

WEST: No—a price.

### Who's Who in America

THE fellow who can listen to "that squeak" and tell you exactly what ails the car.

Whose smile means something to a traffic policeman.

Who knows where to get a quart of the real thing.

Who knows of a flat to rent.

Who doesn't tell you the plot of the movie he saw last week.

Who doesn't believe that baseball is crooked or that there is any connection between the girls' modes and their morals.

OFFICE BOY: There's a member of the 'Varsity team outside. He wants his photo done.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Side face?

OFFICE BOY: No, half-back.

THE man who keeps his friends is the one who never gives them away.

## Summer Resort News as It Ought to Be Written

**MR. JOSEPH HOWLAND** MGLIMP, of Baltimore, had seven blow-outs during his motoring trip through the Berkshires.

Raoul Murphy, proprietor of the Cliff House, Minniwonka, Wis., announced that the shortage of visitors at his hotel this summer was due to the fact that the roof leaks.

Harriet Gillick developed malignant malaria during her sojourn at Ocean-air Park, Cal., and is said to be in a critical condition.

Guests at Welcome Inn state that they used to think that the food there couldn't possibly be any worse, but that they were wrong.

The average temperature in Sea Breeze, Me., for the months of July and August was 96 F. in the sun. (There wasn't any shade.)

John L. Fink, of Ogden, landed a three-pound perch in Trout Lake, Idaho—this being considered the largest catch of the season.

This has been a gala year for mosquitoes in Paradise Rest, N. J., but Horace Mopp, Chairman of the local Chamber of Commerce, predicts confidently that there will be an even larger number of the little invertebrates at the popular resort next season.

There have been no fewer than eleven cases of typhoid fever this season at Freshwater Inn, Cold Spring, North Dakota.

In answer to various critics, Franklin Quibble, of the Grandview Hotel, announced that his hostelry would be all that its name implies if he could persuade the railroad company to move the station.

## Reassuring

"WANT to take a chance on an automobile, mister? Only a dollar."

"But I don't want an automobile, young man."

"That's all right, mister. Maybe you won't get it."

## Sonnet

To a Bartender's Guide

O SWEET and precious tome—thou treasury

Of wealth my golden youth-tide lived and knew,

Now come to wake, and send a-throbbing through

Each fibre, surge of glowing ecstasy! No bibliophile, thrilled with discovery

Of some "First—Uncut," gives it half the due

I render, lovingly, this night to you, Compendium of vanished nepenthe!

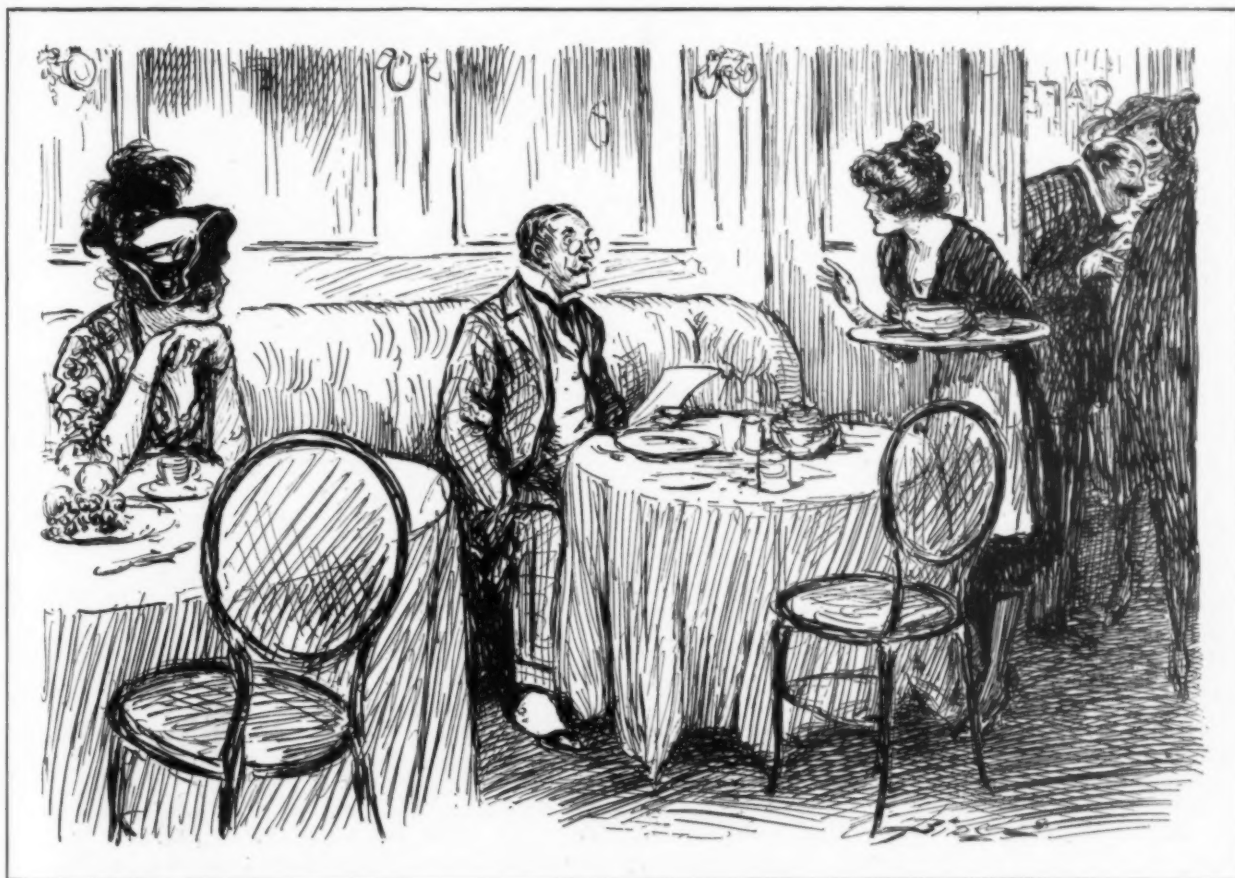
No Elzevir, no Aldine can compare To thy chaste imprint, old friend Richard K;

No tree calf binding and no missal rare

Holds half your charm, nor ever can convey

A tithe the vibrant joy your pages fair Conjure, to haunt me, of your bygone day!

J. S. Sarasohn.



## A Regular Customer

"I think I'll have some fish."

"Pardon, Monsieur, the fish is not well to-day."



SEPTEMBER 22, 1921

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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THE world is still much disturbed, especially in the newspapers. There seems to be no more than feeble confidence anywhere in the governmental and economic bases on which rests the apparatus of current life. Stocks had a rise out of the encouraging badness of the cotton crop, but people wonder how long the money that they have been used to living on will be forthcoming, and those who have invested funds, even in the most conservative securities, wish they had them in something less liable to suffer from bad business. For business is not yet good. Very many important concerns, including most of the railroads, are living partly on their savings or their credit, and the people who own their shares either miss their dividends or live in fear that they will stop.

Nevertheless, the feeling about business is better. The worst is over, they tell us, and next month improvement will be visible.

Writings in the abler weekly papers are very curious. In the *Villager*, the *Freeman* and the *New Republic* one finds strange reflections on the times, excellent pieces many of them; interesting in their observations and deductions, but the work of writers who seem to be lost in the woods, and unable to see their way out.

Curious impulses drive through nations and, of course, they do not stop at boundary lines. Government is not government, in the sense that it controls and directs mankind. It does something, but mankind is mostly going it on its own hook. This wandering, wondering world cannot yet realize the significance of what has happened to it. Accordingly new organizations

keep springing up to do something that seems desirable to some people, and some of them wax enormously, for one thing that has come to be understood in this generation is organization. A good many people know how to produce organization. They understand the machinery of it and can work it. They also understand propaganda and advertisement. The *New York World* just now is publishing the results of an investigation of the Ku Klux Klan, which is the old society of that name which used to regulate the South after the Civil War, dug up and extended into the northern and western states, and controlled by leaders whose purpose, so the *World* says, is Anti-Jew, Anti-Roman Catholic, Anti-Alien. The *World* seems to think this organization is important enough to be dangerous, and perhaps it is, but anyhow it is symptomatic of the current disposition to relieve constituted government of the charge of mankind.



FOR, nowadays, all regular and authorized efforts to keep the peace and regulate the world by the use of mechanisms that existed before the war are embarrassed by the fact of which there are so many signs that government has fallen into disrepute. The management of the world was entrusted to it and it fell down on its job, and, so doing, lost the respect of mankind. People feel that it is a good deal of a fake. To some extent the Church is in the same boat. Expectations from either of them nowadays are very moderate. People who want national prosperity know that governments can't furnish it, and are looking for it where they may and slowly approaching the

conclusion that they will have to provide it for themselves, and that the most they can ask of government will be not to hinder them too much. So, the people who want religion are disposed to get it anywhere they can, and if the churches don't furnish it to suit them, they go in the highways and byways to find it.

This current indisposition to be fooled by forms and office, and insistence on having something real and filling even at the cost of getting it for oneself, is encouraging, though the immediate consequences may be disorderly.



NO doubt this indisposition has to do with the hesitation of the Sinn Fein chiefs in Ireland to accept the British offer of Dominion government. There may be details in that offer that are proper to be changed, but in the main it is the best the British government could make. Doubtless the Sinn Fein leaders find the control of Ireland's destinies an agreeable exercise, and are loath to let go any part of it. An Ireland on the loose with a bank account in New York seems to look better to them than an Ireland attached by even the most slender ties to "Government." Their reluctance worries Ireland's best friends. It makes some of them ready to exclaim—"Oh, my! Let the Irish have liberty, complete liberty, liberty to go it alone, to see every one wrong but the Irish, to bullyrag Ulster, to flout England, to wag their fingers from the nose at these States, to punch one another, to raise hell—and see how they like it and how it agrees with them! Something more than liberty has been found necessary to other peoples in this world—to wit, co-operation

and reasonableness, and maybe it will turn out to be necessary even to the Irish."

It is natural to feel so, but probably not helpful. The Irish negotiations will probably work out. The Sinn Fein leaders know that however enjoyable their present importance is, it cannot last unless they continue to have the support of the voters in Ireland and the contributors in these States. They know of course that complete success would mean that they would cease to be ructionary chiefs and leaders and themselves become Government. And then what? When they get through heckling, haggling and head-lining, they will probably come to terms, and Lloyd George is Lloyd George, and knows his job, and can be trusted to side-step the reconquest of Ireland, if it is within the powers of human talent to do it.



OUR government, though it shares considerably the dilapidated reputation into which all governments have fallen, has not yet quit its employment. It still sends out weather reports—very trying ones—collects taxes, and legislates after a fashion. There was quite a promising civil war under way in West Virginia between coal miners and coal operators, and our government has intervened with troops and has induced an appearance of peace, and professes to intend to inquire into the causes of the hostilities and remove them if possible. Somebody said the worst of the coal war would be what *The New Republic* would say about it, and that may be bad, but a dearth of coal next winter may also be bad, and possibly the West Virginia mines are important. When the French queen heard that the people lacked bread she said give them cake, and in the same spirit we would face a dearth of coal by a resolve to cook with gas.



THE American Bar Association has visited its "unqualified condemnation" on Judge Landis for being a baseball judge at \$42,500 a year while receiving a salary of \$7,500 as a Federal judge. The Association does not approve of having the judicial ermine dragged around the bases in that fashion.

The Association has spoken with emphasis, but, after all, it is a constituted authority, and being more or less under the blight that has fallen on all mem-

bers of that family, its fulminations may not have much effect. Judge Landis does not seem crushed by its disapprobation, and at this writing has made no response to it.

One good thing Judge Landis has done by accepting the baseball salary. He has given a loud and picturesque publicity to the well-known fact that the Federal judges, district and circuit, in large cities and important districts are ridiculously underpaid and always have been. They are very hard worked; their work is very important, and their salaries are less than half of what they should be. One may almost excuse Judge Landis's deficiencies in judicial decorum for the sake of his usefulness as an advertiser of that fact. The

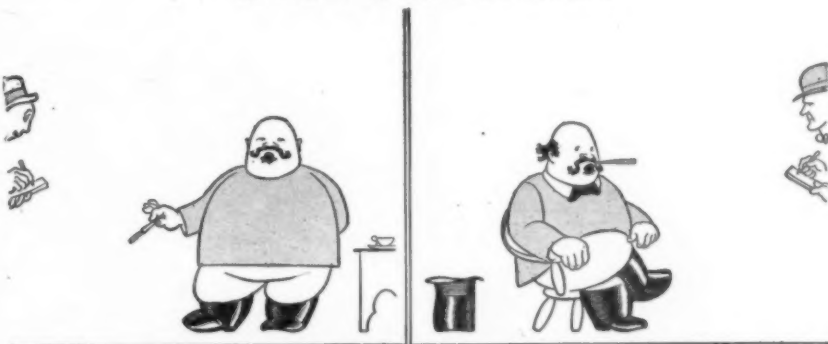
spectacle of one Federal judge who is paid enough to live on and something over is not entirely displeasing to spectators.

And the judge seems to have done another highly important service in his extra-judicial decision about the wages of union workers in the Building Trades in Chicago. He was called upon to be umpire in that dispute because the union-workers, like the baseball men, have confidence in him as a man of courage and experience, not too closely tied up to capitalism and the existing order. His decision cuts the cost of building in Chicago about twenty per cent., and makes first-rate reading for common citizens:

E. S. Martin.

### The Truth About Lenine

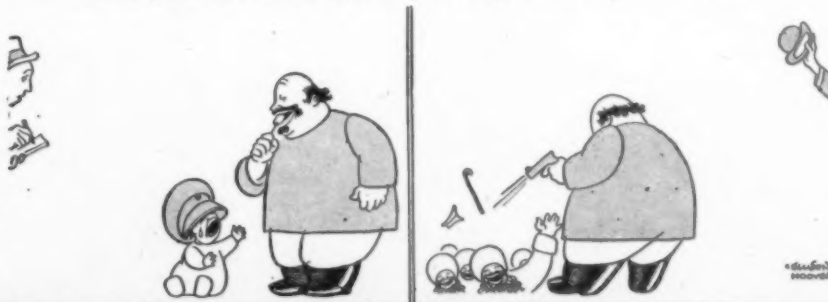
As Revealed by Any Two Interviewers



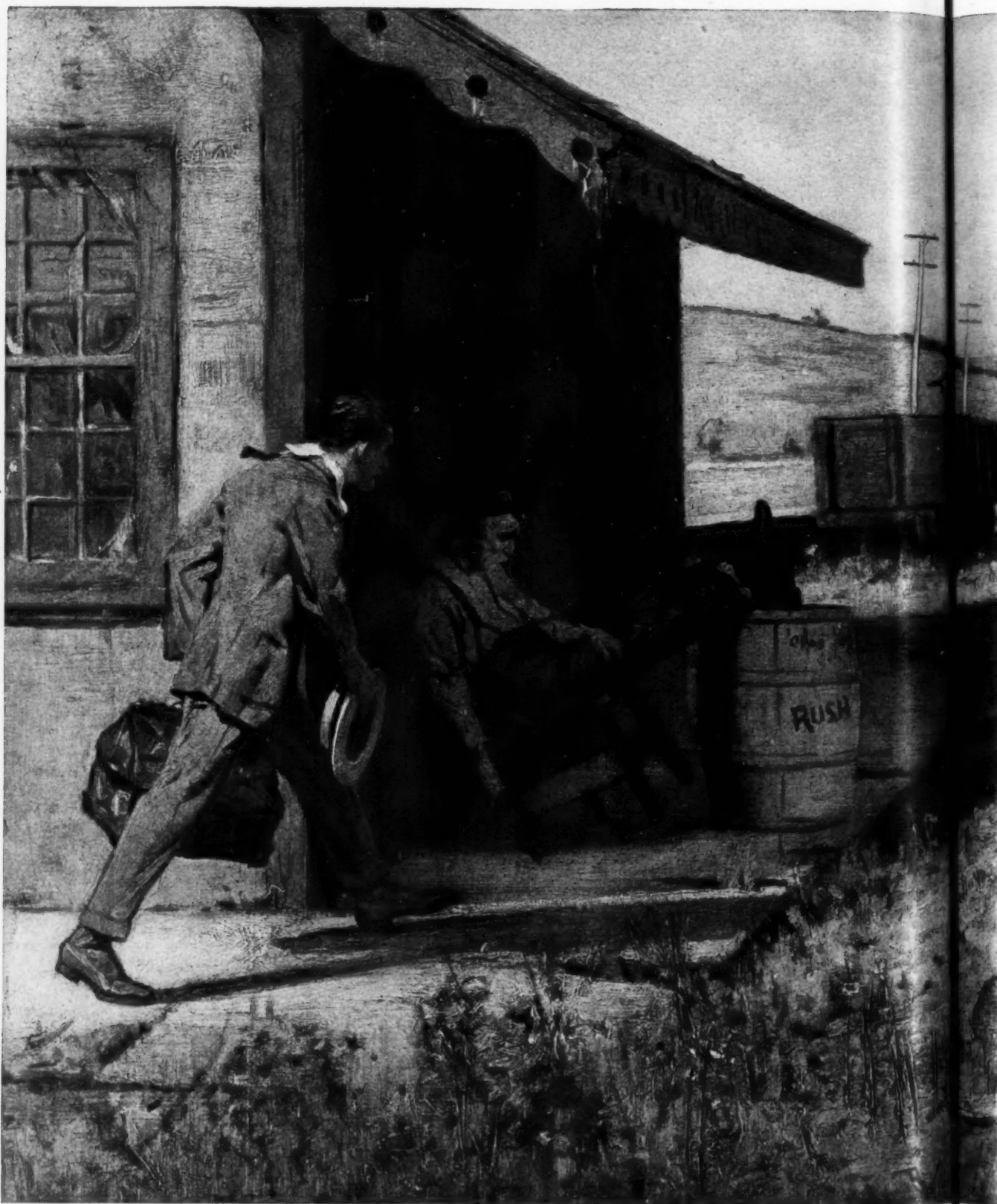
Short and stocky in build he bears striking resemblance to Lincoln



His simple, childlike demeanor gives him more the appearance of a hyena than a man



Utterly without scruple, his orgy of terrorism and wholesale massacre has won him the affection of the now prosperous Russian peasantry



*Drawn by Victor C. Anderson*





### Nowhere Near All

**FANNIE HURST** is a remarkably successful writer of short stories; so it was only natural that she should write a play. All you have to do is take a short story and have some people recite it from memory on a stage.

The dialogue in the first act of "Back Pay" is written in the manner of one of Miss Hurst's more elaborate short stories. Everyone in the cast speaks in pulsating similes, each one of which must have taken no less than twenty minutes of literary labor on the part of the author, erasing and polishing-off included, but all are delivered by the common folk of Demopolis, Ohio, with an ecstatic extemporaneousness which suggests a townfull of hitherto mute, inglorious Miltons suddenly becoming fervently articulate. The untutored young girl, brought up in the red heart of the segregated district of Demopolis, refers constantly to her "crêpe de chine soul," and, addressing the front row in the balcony through the beautiful eyes of Miss Helen MacKellar, describes, in sensuous similes, the alarming emotional effects of riding home in a limousine from the store.

After the first act the characters stop talking for publication and get down to business, most of it very old business, but some of it effective because it is built of ever-effective material. An author who would use a blind soldier, however, to get an effect on a helpless audience, would kill a little yellow-haired child at the end of the second act with its parents kneeling by the side of the crib.



**JOHN GOLDEN** and Winchell Smith have such a reputation for picking Broadway winners that it is unwise for an observer of the theatre to look askance at any play on which they have decided to place their money. As they have so tellingly pointed out in their advertisements of "The Wheel," the critics didn't go wild over "Lightnin'!"

All we can say, therefore, is that the

roulette scene in "The Wheel" was mildly interesting to us and that we were pleasantly amused at the juvenile love affair of the Jewish boy and the Irish girl (thanks to Harold Waldridge and Leila Bennett), and that two days later we forgot that we had seen the show at all. So, along about the end of the third year of "The Wheel" at the Gaiety, we shall have to go again to see what all the raving is about.



**"THE SILVER FOX"** is one of those society plays which elicit murmurs of polite laughter from those in the audience to whom any dialogue concerning marital infidelity delivered in a drawing-room is considered, of necessity, very clever. It is by Cosmo Hamilton, which statement of fact satisfactorily completes any description of the play itself. Mr. Hamilton's professional motto is now, as always: "*Adeste Infideles.*"

The cast is what is known as "polished," including William Faversham, Violet Kemble Cooper and the delightful Lawrence Grossmith. Miss Kemble Cooper would lend distinction to a Hopwood-Collison farce, and she so completely dominates "The Silver Fox" that Mr. Faversham is gracefully relegated to the rôle of feeder. And thanks to the Arthur Hopkins influence on acting during the past five years, Mr. Faversham's reading of "me heart" and "me soul" now seems like an echo from the ham days when actors wore fur-cuffed ulsters on the street and carried one hand thrust in at the bosom.



**ARTHUR HOPKINS** has also done us a splendid turn in producing Zoe Akins' "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting." It is a sad play. Don't go expecting anything short of an evening of heartache. It is almost aimless in its insistence on tragedy, for when it is all

over, nothing has been proved and there seems to have been no reason for having written it except that it was high time for someone to write a good play which bore no other message than that a well-written, honest dramatization of life may be both interesting and inspiring.

"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting" affords Marjorie Rambeau her first opportunity to do her best, and her best is shown to be just about as good as there is. She is so very lovely-looking, however, that it is difficult to remain sensible in estimating her performance. Frank Conroy is the embodiment of the Hopkins suppressed-desires method of acting, and our own personal feeling is that it is the only kind of acting we ever want to see again. And certainly we never want to see any other setting for a Greenwich Village scene after the vivid simplicity of Robert Edmond Jones' design for the second act.



**MR. JONES** and his artistry are again so overwhelming in "Swords" that it is difficult to appraise the play and the acting apart from the setting and costumes. All three blend together in a magnificent picture of the passionate days in mediæval Italy when Guelph and Ghibelline were not so friendly and lovely ladies were imprisoned in castle towers for the express purpose of being rescued with as much bloodshed as possible. Clare Eames again, as in "Mary Stuart," rides with regal aspect through a play pictorially suited to her presence, and Sidney Howard has written lines which are dignified yet bloody, sounding gratefully on ears unused to cadences more elaborate than those of Jack Hazzard's topical recitations. It is not always easy to follow just who is killing whom and why, and Miss Eames has one very bad spell up on a balcony waving a property torch, but for all that, "Swords" is a fine thing for Mr. Pemberton to have produced.

Robert C. Benchley.

# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Back Pay.** *Eltinge.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Bat.** *Morosco.*—Thrilling murder melodrama, entirely impossible, but who cares?

**The Circle.** *Selwyn.*—To be reviewed next week.

**Daddy's Gone A-Hunting.** *Plymouth.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Detour.** *Bijou.*—Old-fashioned rustic kitchen-sink drama with a new-fashioned ending, impressively acted and well worth seeing.

**The Easiest Way.** *Lyceum.*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Green Goddess.** *Booth.*—The Himalayas as the scene for George Arliss' polished villainy.

**The Hero.** *Belmont.*—A novel and daring idea expressed in the theatre's most stereotyped manner.

**Liliom.** *Fulton.*—Through Heaven and Earth with a roughneck, in as satisfying a performance as any season could wish.

**The Silver Fox.** *Maxine Elliott's.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Sonya.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—All right if looking at bright-colored costumes keeps you awake.

**Swords.** *National.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Triumph of X.** *Comedy.*—A wordy play about heredity.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Dulcy.** *Frazee.*—Amusing comedy built around a conversational young wife who helps her husband out in his business affairs. Incidentally, some genuine satire.

**The First Year.** *Little.*—Little scenes from home-life put into play form for the first time and made hilariously funny.

**Getting Gertie's Garter.** *Republic.*—Go with someone whom you can nudge.

**Honors Are Even.** *Times Square.*—Lola Fisher and William Courtenay in what might have been made into two plays, one of which should have been thrown away.

**Just Married.** *Nora Bayes.*—Common or bed-room farce, made uncommonly funny by Lynne Overman.

**March Hares.** *Punch and Judy.*—Delicious satire on temperament for those who do not insist on coherence in their drama.

**Nice People.** *Klaw.*—A warning to our young folks which ceases to be entertaining as soon as Francine Larrimore begins to get respectable in the last act.

**The Night Cap.** *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Starting out as a murder mystery, it soon turns into a comedy, making a really entertaining evening of it.

**Six-Cylinder Love.** *Sam H. Harris.*—The tragedy of the suburban automobile-owner, delightfully portrayed by Ernest

Truex and June Walker and others of an excellent cast.

**Two Blocks Away.** *George M. Cohan's.*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Wheel.** *Gaiety.*—Reviewed in this issue.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Get Together.** *Hippodrome.*—To be reviewed next week.

**Greenwich Village Follies.** *Shubert.*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Last Waltz.** *Century.*—Comic opera of a vanished age, with Straus music, and amusing horseplay.

**The Merry Widow.** *Knickerbocker.*—A weak revival of the old favorite.

**Put and Take.** *Town Hall.*—To be reviewed next week.

**Sally.** *New Amsterdam.*—Taking everything into consideration, still in the lead.

**Scandals of 1921.** *Liberty.*—Last two weeks, which is quite as it should be.

**Shuffle Along.** *Sixty-third St.*—Colored singers and dancers whose vigorous performance has made attendance a fad among the knowing ones.

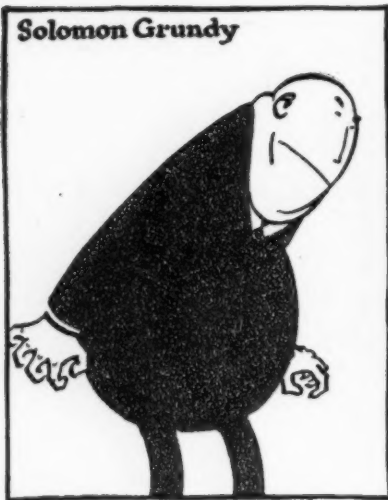
**Tangerine.** *Casino.*—Julia Sanderson and Jack Hazzard, with pleasant music and familiar jokes.

**Ziegfeld Follies.** *Globe.*—A satisfying evening, with plenty to see that is beautiful and much to laugh at.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY  
No. 8. Testing the resiliency of Dr. Beeman's chewing gum

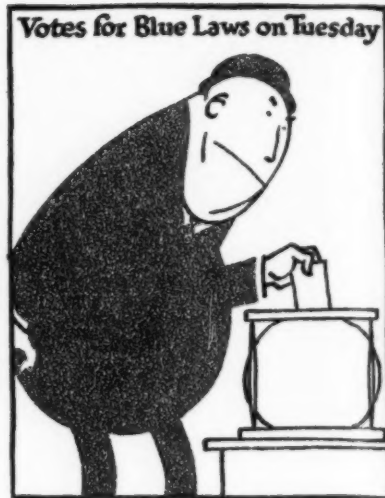
Solomon Grundy



Profiteers on Monday



Votes for Blue Laws on Tuesday



Raises Rents on Wednesday



Dispossesses on Thursday



Swears off Taxes on Friday



Shaves his golf score on Saturday



Sanctimonious on Sunday



And there is no end of Solomon Grundys



Drawn by F. G. Cooper

### The Adventures of Solomon Grundy

### To a Lady Doctor

MADAM, I've seen you laying low  
The wild, intractable bronchitis;  
Fierce morbilli you've forced to go,  
And devastating parotitis!  
Before you hordeolum flees,  
And, doubtless, you could give a  
praxis  
For stemming the intricacies  
Of complicated epistaxis.

Mayhap your practiced skill disdains  
The milder ills we call neuralgic,  
But, though you conquer subtle pains,  
Otagic, ay! and odontalgic,  
And though your art may be displayed  
In curbing rapid ecchymosis,  
My case is one in which you've made  
An inefficient diagnosis!

Whene'er your Æsculapian lore  
You exercise in my direction,  
You seem to utterly ignore  
My fervent cardiacal action,  
And only you can cure it, miss,  
Or give relief in any measure;  
A neat prescription, such as this,  
I'd take with something more than  
pleasure:

As, "Recipe; Infus. amor;  
Of banns 3; or license single;  
Of parsons 1; of bridesmaids 4;  
Of ushers 6; together mingle.  
Then drop in speeches till they're done,  
And, as the marriage takes to starting,  
Of trunks a heap; a carriage 1;  
And *aqua ad*—the tears at parting!"  
*La Touche Hancock.*

### Reward

"HELLO, Fido! Come, nice doggie."

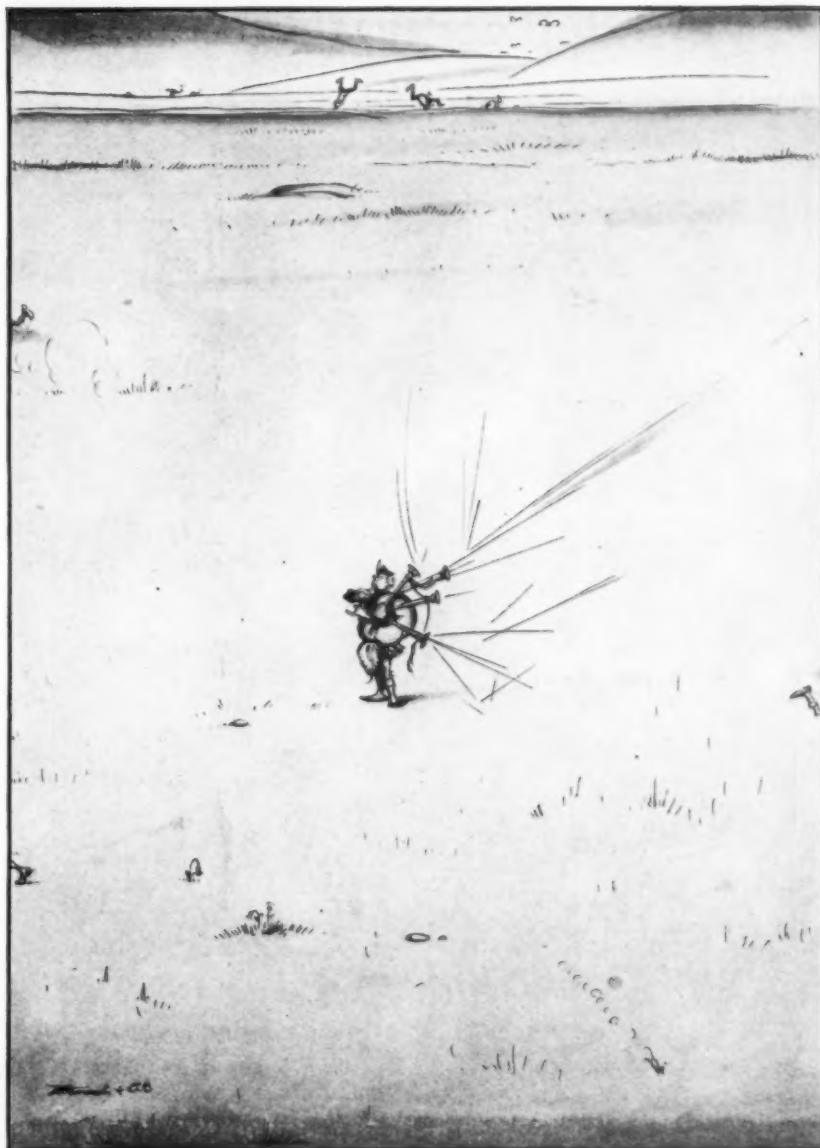
And the little lost dog's heart thrills  
at the thought of a friend, a playmate  
and—a master. Through his dog head  
whirl faithful hopes of heroic deeds  
guarding this master from danger.

His little red tongue shoots out in affectionate caress as he licks the hand of his newly found friend. He wags his tail until he wriggles all the way up to his shoulders.

"Come, fellers. Get a can. Here's some sport."

The men gather 'round. "More friends!" His excitement knows no bounds. Past hardships are forgotten.

The little tail goes so fast that the burly fellow can hardly fix the thing to it. And the little lost dog pays joyous court to each of the men stooping around him.



Sandy McTavish Finds a Place to Practice

A kick, a yelp, a hollow roar of jeering laughter, and the little stray pup is off in frantic leaps through a cloud of dust.

"A rotten 'musement for grown-up men!" mutters the tall, clean corporal as he comes out of his tent.

The little dog crosses the drill grounds, stopping now and then to bite at the horrible pursuing monster that clings to his tail.

Straight for the road he rushes.

A scream from the colonel's wife, and the truck driver snatches his steering wheel. Too late!

*William Robertson.*

### Be Your Own Mousetrap

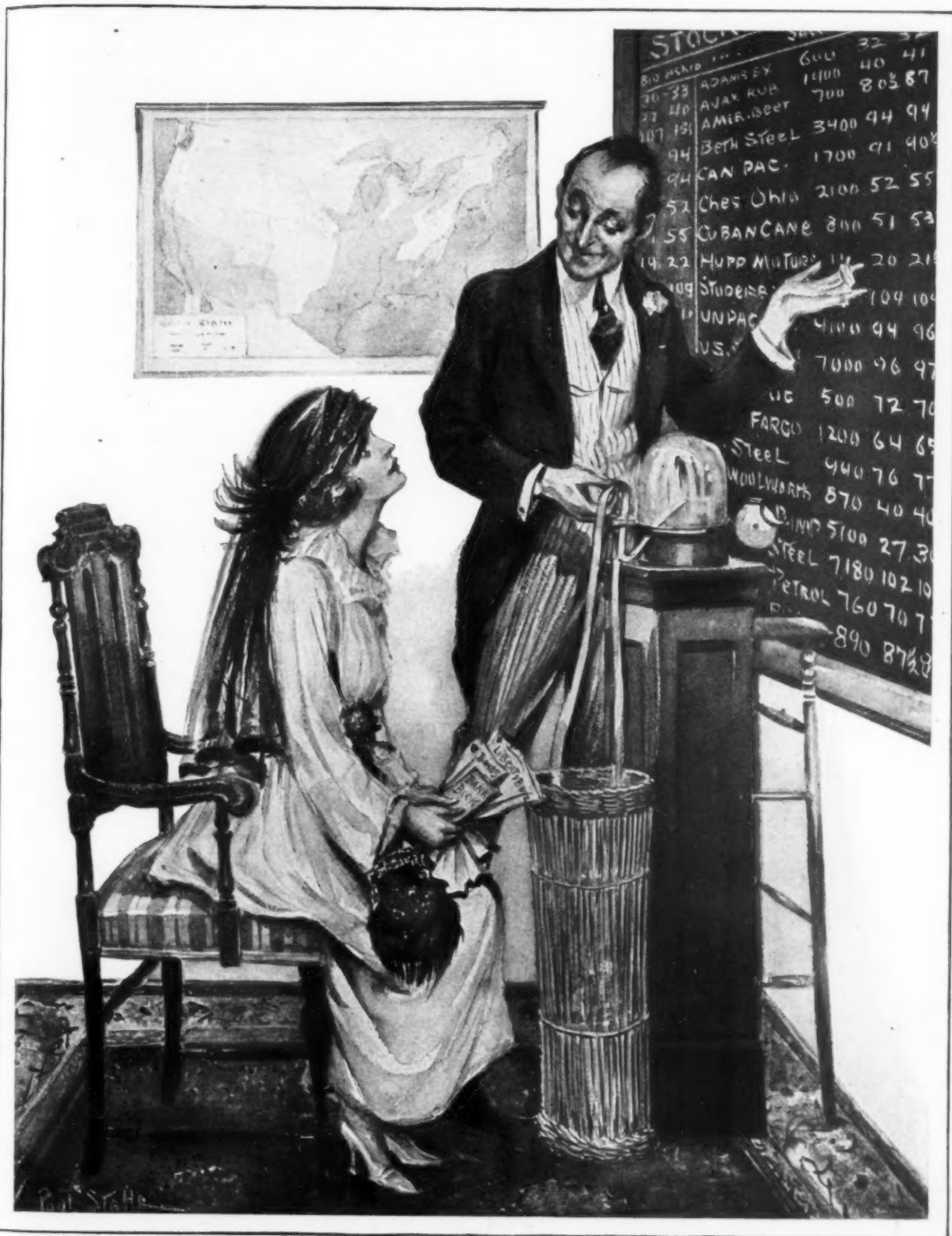
A timid young lady awoke one night and heard a mouse in her room. First one slipper was hurled mouseward and then the other, but she succeeded in stopping the noise only a short time. Terrified, she wondered what to do next.

She sat up in bed and meowed.

THE HEELER: Well, I see that Jimpson, them reformers' candidate f'r Mayor, is goin' t' have all his meetin's opened with prayer.

THE BOSS: Good! That means he knows he's licked!





"Tell Me Not in Mournful Numbers"



*Green Farm Hand:* I quit. I didn't know ye had to plow hornets to raise wheat.

### If They Get Any Better

**I**F manufactured products get any better and the testimonial letters become more glowing, the following may be expected:

"I just wish you to know that the Fearnot automobile tire I purchased of you in 1899 is still in good shape. It has gone 765,000 miles and shows no signs of wear."

"Back in 1865, when I came out of the Civil War, I purchased one of your Bulldog shaving brushes. I wore whiskers in the army but decided to shave and bought the brush. It never shed a bristle until yesterday, whereupon I dropped some of your Chain Lightning hair tonic on it and six bristles have grown in to take the place of the one that dropped out."

"I confess I never saw anything like the lather your soap makes. My six-year-old boy was crying for snow one day this summer, and, as Nature refused to provide a snowstorm



"Say! I'm on to you. You want to be the engine goin' down hill, an' you expect me to be it goin' up."

for him, I took a cake of your toilet soap and made some lather. I filled the front yard with rich, creamy lather, an average of one foot deep. My boy has played in this lather for two weeks and it is in as good shape as when I made it."

"Your silk hosiery is the best ever, according to my opinion. I have been wearing a pair of your Nevertear hose since 1901 and as yet neither stocking has developed any defects whatever."

"I cannot say enough for your Resisto collars. I have one that has been to the laundry 7,544 times and it is as good as new."

"I am unusually hard on shoes, but I have worn a pair of your Hopover brand for twenty-seven years and so far they do not need half-oling."

"Ten years ago I had my hair permanently waved with your special waver and I am happy to inform you that it has not needed combing since."

### A Sermon

SIX days a week the Devil works—  
Works overtime on Sunday,  
And then he's ready once again  
To start anew on Monday.

So if all evil you would shun  
And keep your conscience level,  
You must begin at early morn  
And work just like the Devil.

M. E. Beall.

### Questionnaire

INSURANCE ADJUSTER (to vic-  
tim of fire and insurance company):  
Why did you set fire to this house?  
You didn't? Preposterous! The fact  
that you had it insured shows pre-  
meditation. If you didn't know there  
was to be a fire why did you stay home  
as usual? This looks bad, awfully bad.  
You weren't home, eh? Ah ha! You  
fired the house and then sneaked out,  
eh? We'll get a conviction on that ad-  
mission, sure.

Let me look at your hands. Show  
me your tonsils. Do you keep a cow?  
The cow is dry? Why don't you give  
her a drink? You mean she doesn't  
give milk now, eh? Did you notify  
the company when the cow was think-  
ing of going dry so that we could  
have tacked on our special rider No.  
XQ12492 permitting her to do so? You  
conspired with this cow to increase the  
first hazard. Think of the terribly in-  
creased possibility of fire and loss of  
life, and not a drop of milk on the  
place! This is criminal!

How old are you? Sixty? You  
look older, but I think you're younger.  
You wear whiskers. Did you obtain  
special permit from the company cov-  
ering this extra hazard? What do you  
intend to do with the money we don't  
intend to give you? Have any of your  
present wife's former husbands or their  
wives had any fires of which you know  
nothing? Why? If you answer in the  
negative, state when. Why did you not  
insure in some other company? You  
are guilty of (almost) obtaining money  
under false pretenses, arson, disturb-  
ing the peace and perjury.

However, in the spirit of magnanim-  
ity which has made our company fa-  
mous, if you will pay your premiums  
promptly and regularly as in the past,  
we will solemnly covenant and agree  
to let this matter run along just as  
though there had been no fire.

"The evil that men do lives after  
them"—and, what is more, their heirs  
have to pay considerable inheritance  
taxes on it.

### Wall Street

WALL STREET is bounded on  
the north by the Coolidge Farm,  
on the east by the three-mile limit, on  
the south by the Congressional Unre-  
serve Budget Lack-of-System, and on  
the west by Henry Ford. It is subject  
to violent extremes of heat and cold,  
swept by hot air Senatorial siroccos,  
and its gilt-edged and rock-bound coast  
line is covered with the wreckage of  
Napoleons of finance, who have not  
heeded the storm signals or the cry of  
"brokers ahead." Bulls and bears  
range at will over its more fertile

plains, seeking whom they may devour  
and usually finding them. Those who  
survive its severe climate take no exer-  
cise except twice a year when they move  
crops, and live mostly upon lamb and  
mint sauce. The banks of Wall Street  
are very high and steep and troubled  
with floating bonds; its waters and deep  
pools are infested with sharks.

Travelers contemplating a visit to  
Wall Street should secure a passport  
from Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Morgan or  
Mr. Gary; they should wear light  
asbestos clothing and leave all their  
values behind.



"But, my dear Henry, it was only a thousand and I charged it to our ac-  
count. After all, what is a thousand to people who owe as much as we do?"

## The Dying Thesaurus

ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

ON top of everything else comes the announcement in the newspapers that, unless \$10,000 is forthcoming within a month, the great thesaurus of the Latin tongue will have to be abandoned! And yet the war was fought ostensibly for Democracy!

In case there are a few scattered illiterates who have never heard of the great thesaurus of the Latin tongue, let it be explained that it has been under way for twenty years, that five volumes of it have already been published (even if the whole thing were to collapse now, we still would have those five volumes; so don't take on so), and that the general scheme of the thing was to give the history of every word in the Latin tongue from earliest times to the Middle Ages. And now, for the lack of a mere \$10,000, the Thesaurus Commission, through Dean West of Princeton, stands in the doorway looking up the road toward the setting sun and murmurs sadly: "Well, Dan, we might as well face it now as later. We can't go on. We've-got-to-stop—(gluf)—the-old-thesaurus."

It hardly seems possible that, in a land of plenty like ours, a project like this can be allowed to fail. Just think what it would mean to have a complete history of every word in the Latin tongue from earliest times right plumb up to the Middle Ages. You may think perhaps that the history that you have is complete enough, but does it bring the thing up to the Middle Ages? Suppose, for instance, a dispute were to arise some night at dinner over the history of the word *agricola*.

"I'll bet you the seats to the Follies," you might say to your brother-in-law, "that the word *agricola* used to be practically interchangeable with the masculine demonstrative pronoun *hic*. *Agri-*cola means 'farmer,' and so does *hic*, or, as it has come down to us in English, 'hick.'"

One word would lead to another, or perhaps even to something worse, and the upshot of the whole thing would be a hurried reaching for your vest-pocket history of Latin words and phrases. And what would be your chagrin to find that the volume began with the First Punic War and gave absolutely nothing previous to that period that you could rely upon!

We are a thorough people and we demand that our history of the Latin tongue shall be thorough. As the popular song-hit has it: "If our thesaurus



The Only Man Who Cleaned Up  
in Wall Street This Year

ain't a real thesaurus, we don't want no thesaurus at all." That's the way the rank and file of Americans feel about it. Home life is the basis of all our national institutions and there is nothing that contributes to its stability like a good book for reading aloud.

"What shall it be to-night, kiddies?"

says the father, drawing up his chair before the fireplace in which stands a vase of hydrangeas, "the story of how *mensa* came to have its feminine ending?" "Oh, no, Daddy," lisps little Hazel, "read us about the root verbs which are traceable to the Etruscan influence on the early Latin language. You know, Daddy, the one about the great big prefix, the middle-sized prefix, and the little baby prefix which went '*huius, huius, huius*' all the way home."

And so the father reads the old, old story of how the good fairy came and told *ad, ante, con, in, post, prae, pro, sub* and *super* that some day they would grow up and govern the dative and how it all worked out just as the good fairy had said. And all the little children fall asleep with smiles and post-toasties on their faces.

And for the lack of ten thousand dollars shall this dream of American home life fade away? Better should Russia starve a thousand times than that the Latin thesaurus should be abandoned.

Contributions should be sent to Professor William Abbot Oldfather of the University of Illinois, who is chairman of the committee. If you haven't any money to spare, send old lacrosse shoes, furniture, or whatever you think a thesaurus would like.

### Philosophy

So, beggared of its worth, the hoarded  
love

I gave so gladly when you asked it me,  
Comes creeping back to fill my heavy  
heart

With misery.

*All things change;  
This too will pass  
Like sudden winds  
Across the grass.*

Humiliated, scorned by my own soul  
I struggle on to leave despair behind.  
Neglected lies the altar where our love  
Was once enshrined.

*All things change;  
This too will pass  
Like sudden leaves  
Across the grass.*

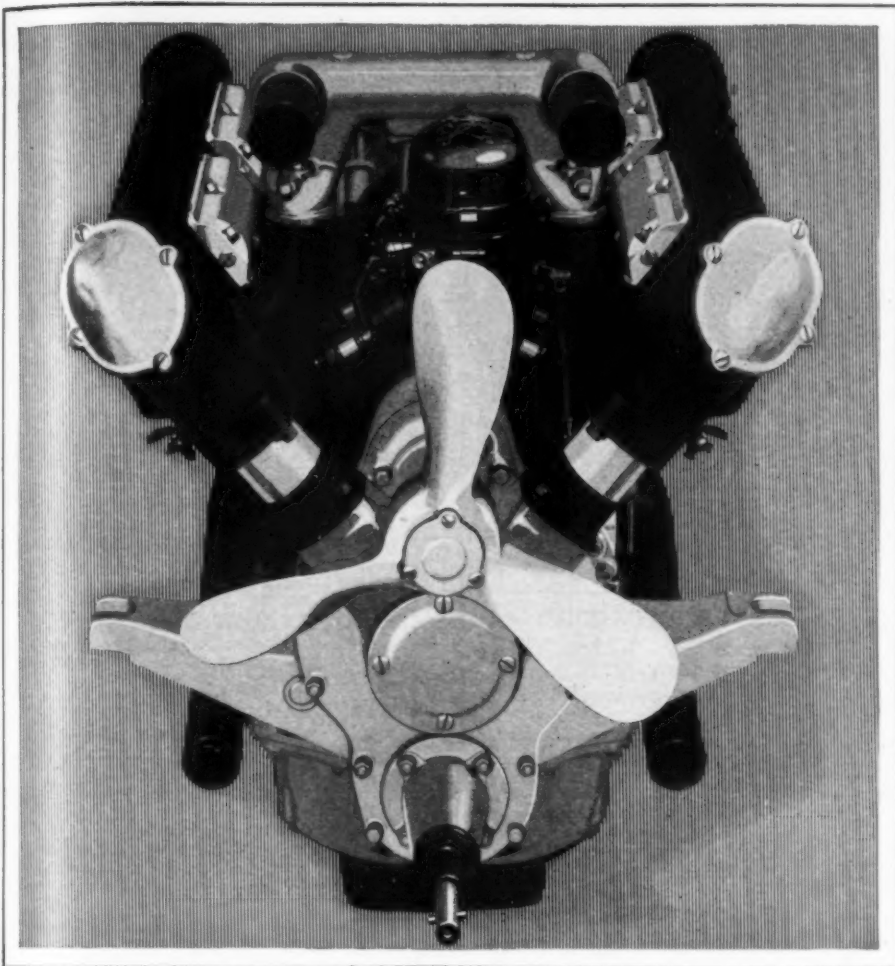
Leslie Gannon.

### True to His Colors

PAT was brought to the hospital, suffering severely.

"Which ward do you want to be taken to?" the house physician asked. "The pay ward, or —"

"Ainy ward thot is safely dimocratic," Pat interrupted feebly.



## *The Outstanding Triumph of the Wills Sainte Claire is its Motor*

In the Wills Sainte Claire motor with its many distinctive basic features, its amazing responsiveness and flexibility, its smooth, silent rush of power, C. Harold Wills has given to the world a new conception of motor efficiency.

And in the Wills Sainte Claire car as a whole—with its superb operative qualities, its remarkable ease and luxury of riding, its rare beauty of design and finish, he has achieved one of the signal triumphs in the history of automotive engineering and design.

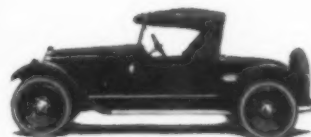
*The Wills Sainte Claire book describing the various features of the car, will be sent upon request*

**G. H. WILLS & COMPANY**  
Marysville, Michigan



*The Five Passenger Touring Car*

Beauty of design and richness of finish combined with superb operative qualities make the Wills Sainte Claire Touring Car an outstanding triumph of motor car design



*The Four Passenger Roadster*

In addition to a wide front seat, there is a rumble seat hidden by a hatch in the rear deck when not in use. The tallest man finds abundant leg-room in the rear seat



*The Four Passenger Coupe*

There are a driver's seat, a wide rear seat for two and an auxiliary seat facing forward that folds up flush when not in use



*The Sedan*

Will seat seven passengers if desired, there being two auxiliary seats that fold flush into the back of the front seat when not in use



# WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE

*The Mo-lyb-den-um Car*



### The Unwise Father

"When I was your age," said the stern parent, "I thought nothing of working twelve or fourteen hours a day."

"Father," replied the young man with the exquisitely pressed trousers, earnestly, "I wish to heaven you wouldn't mention it. These non-union sentiments are making you hideously unpopular."—*Town Topics (London)*.

### Comparing Notes

COCKNEY CLARA (after listening to old salt's tale of a terrible gale that swept Shrimpton-on-Sea): Tell 'im 'ow I 'ad my 'at blowed off the tram at 'Ighgate, Alfred!

—*Windsor Magazine (London)*.

### The Proper Treatment

Before the fight, "Carpentier, smiling broadly, slapped Dempsey on the back. Wish we could do to people who, smiling broadly, slap us on the back, what Dempsey did to Carpentier.

—*Looker-On (Calcutta)*.



### CROSS-HATCHED

"And why is little Johnny dressed this way?"

"So they will know he is our child."

—*Excelsior (Mexico)*.

### Ducal Splendor

In a movie studio in the Bronx they were filming the bedroom of a duke in the ducal castle. The director, shirtless and perspiring, came in to give it the final inspection before the camera man began to "shoot." He noticed a small white cuspidor near the bed.

"Say," he shouted, purpling with rage, "how many times have I got to tell you that this is the bedroom of a duke? Look at the cuspidor there—that little bit of cuspidor—what you want is a great big, snappy brass spittoon!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

### "He Will Learn Something—"

The following recently appeared in a Chicago newspaper's advertising columns:

"If Wilbur Blank, who deserted his wife and babe twenty years ago, will return, said babe will knock his block off."—*American Legion Weekly*.

### Thrice Cursed Boy!

FARMER'S BOY (watching artist at work): Please, Mister, is that a picture of our farm?

ARTIST: It is, my boy.

"Please, Mister, why?"

—*Bystander (London)*.

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To Meet the World with  
a Smile and a Bright  
Face Read  
*Life*

Like a mirror reflecting one's own image, the world gives us back very much what we put into it, and a smile carries better than a frown. To smile easily, read LIFE with its sure laugh in every issue. Try a subscription yourself for a year or Obey That Impulse, and for a trial trip avail yourself of our

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One Year \$5	Canadian \$5.80	Foreign \$6.60
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## THE SILENT DRAMA

### Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 22)

**Disraeli.** *United Artists.*—George Arliss and company duplicate the success that this historical play achieved on the stage.

**Perjury.** *Fox.*—A dull drama about an innocent man who goes to prison for twenty years, with William Farnum's chest in the leading rôle.

**Wedding Bells.** *First National.*—Diverting comedy, with the popular Constance Talmadge supplying a good deal of roguish mirth.

**Cappy Ricks.** *Paramount.*—Thomas Meighan scowls like Dempsey and punches like Dempsey in an entertaining story of the Pacific coast and points west.

**At the End of the World.** *Paramount.*—Betty Compson and her beaded lashes help greatly to heighten the dramatic interest and pictorial effect of a picture that is rich in both.

**A Midnight Bell.** *First National.*—A good average comedy-melodrama which, however, is not quite up to the standard that Charles Ray has set for himself. Many scenes that are amusing, and many that are dull.

**Short Skirts.** *Universal.*—A terribly objectionable flapper, portrayed with no small skill by Gladys Walton.

**The Hell Diggers.** *Paramount.*—Wallace Reid runs a dredge but doesn't do much else of interest, in a picture which tells of the conflict between a gang of gold hunters and a typical crowd of irate farmers.

**Footlights.** *Paramount.*—The story of a stage-struck New England girl, who is transformed into a notorious Russian adventuress. Well directed by John S. Robertson, and well acted by Elsie Ferguson.

**Wet Gold.** *Goldwyn.*—Most of the scenes are taken at the bottom of the sea, and are very interesting, if you like fish.

**Salvation Nell.** *First National.*—A picturization of Edward Sheldon's famous play which is inclined to drag at the wrong times.

**The Affairs of Anatol.** *Paramount.*—Most of the population of Hollywood, California, appear in this picture and most of the money in the United States was expended on its production. Whether you like it or not, you are almost certain to enjoy it. (No—that is not a misprint.)

**The Toreador.** *Fox.*—Clyde Cook in an Ibanez setting. Everybody enjoys it but the bull.

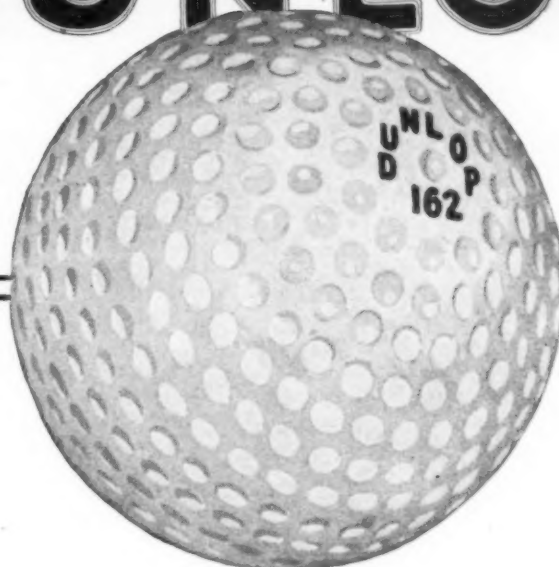
**A Trip to Paradise.** *Metro.*—Molnar's "Liliom" made into a movie, with Bert Lytell as the roughneck. Unrecognizable.

**Charge It.** *Equity.*—Clara Kimball Young gives another object lesson to foolish wives and equally foolish husbands. An honest effort, but not particularly absorbing.

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK.—"Serenade," "Beyond," "Bits of Life," "Passing Thru" and "No Woman Knows."

# DUNLOP

U. S. G. A.  
Standard



## THE MERCURY TEST

A famous American professional golfer employs a mercury test to make certain that the balls he selects for important matches have their centers of gravity in the center of the ball. This professional is authority for the statement that Dunlop Golf Balls show a higher percentage of accuracy than any others put to the test.

Only when the center of gravity is properly placed can you expect a ball to fly straight and putt accurately.

In the making of Dunlop Balls the cores are moulded round and carefully centered. Winding is done by hand because this method makes possible more even tension. The shell is applied by the Dunlop vacuum process which prevents air-bubbles from forming—another assurance of evenly distributed weight.

The Dunlop 162 is not only accurate but also unusually lively and durable.

This new Dunlop achieved the same instant popularity on its introduction to this country a few weeks ago as it did when first placed on the British market earlier in the present season. The 162 is the finest exponent of Dunlop skill in the making of golf balls and is the leading imported ball today.

The Dunlop line offers you the choice of four excellent balls:

The new 162 (small size).....	\$1.10
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These balls are all Standard. They conform to U. S. G. A. specifications as to size and weight.

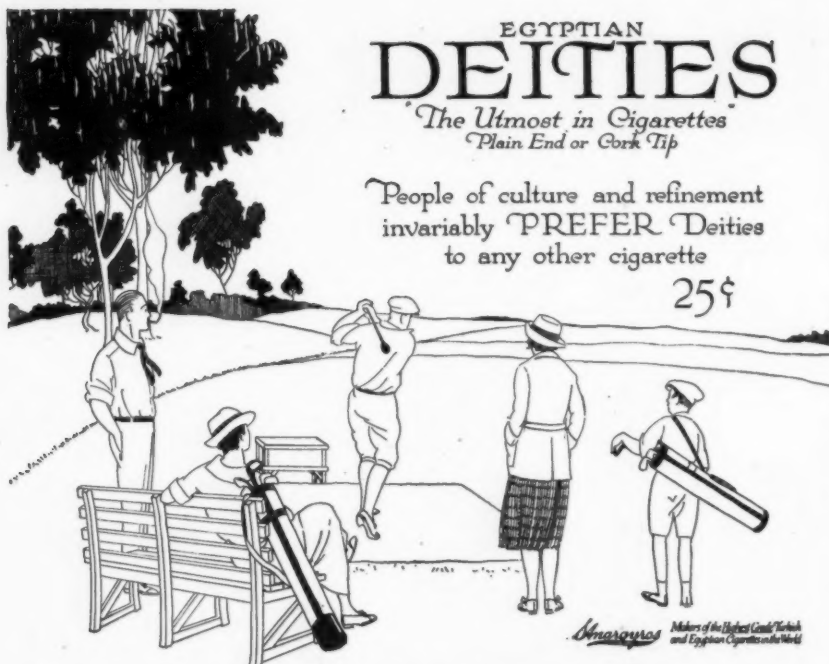
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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### By Negation

A negro patrolman, recently appointed, met a little brown man carrying a little brown jug on the "avenue." The patrolman thumped the jug appraisingly with his club. It sounded "ripe."

"What you-all got there, boy?" he asked suspiciously. "Ain't corn, is it?"

"Tain't hay," said the little brown man sullenly.

A moment later the zealous negro patrolman was marching the little brown man with the little brown jug down the avenue. They reached the shadow of police headquarters without a word passing between them. Then the little brown man broke the silence.

"Where's this you takin' me, big boy?" he asked. "Ain't jail, is it?"

"Tain't church," the patrolman snapped.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

### Invidious

Aarons had had a beautiful fire, a perfect fire. Curtains, hung ostensibly to keep dust from the shelves, had served to carry the flames right round the warehouse. Into the blackened shop stepped Umpstein, full of condolences. "A bad job, Aarons, mein friend," he said—"a bad job." "Bad job!" ejaculated Aarons. "See here, how would you improve on it?"

—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

### A Crime Preventive

The New Jersey Legislature suggests that all poison tablets should be made coffin-shaped to distinguish them from medicine. There is some talk of farmers, in the interest of small boys, trying to grow green apples to resemble little hospital cots.—*Punch*.

### Another Good Word Gone Wrong

DAUGHTER (on bathing beach): I simply loved those sandy coves at Lyme Regis.

MOTHER (sharply): 'Melia! I won't 'ave you speaking of people in that vulgar way!—*London Opinion*.

### Adding Insult

SOCIOLOGY PROFESSOR (to student): Mr. H——, I can't blame you for looking at your watch while I'm lecturing, but I do object to your holding it to your ear to make sure it hasn't stopped.—*Chicago Tribune*.

### Internal Troubles

"My father put down a disturbance last night."

"Is that right?"

"Yes; he ate a Welsh rarebit."

—*Louisville Herald*.

"Why not," asks a New York paper, "put Lord Bryce in the disarmament conference?" Why not, indeed? Britain can get disarmament if she has the Bryce.—*Boston Transcript*.

say



**Aspirin**

Then It's Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Always say "Bayer."

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

AT BEST STANDS  
"MADE IN  
BOND"

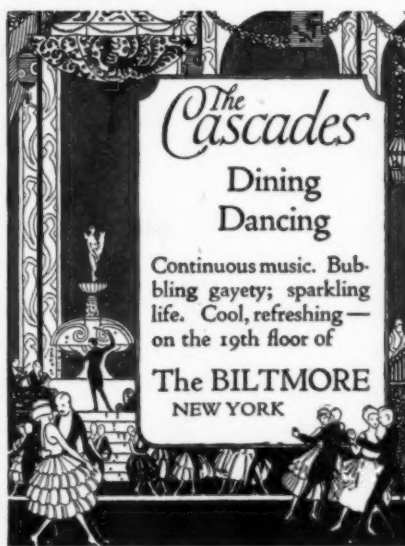
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CLEAR  
HAVANA CIGARS  
TAMPA --- HAVANA

*The*  
**Cascades**  
Dining  
Dancing

Continuous music. Bub-  
bling gayety; sparkling  
life. Cool, refreshing —  
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**Sure  
Relief**



**BELL-ANS**  
FOR INDIGESTION

6 BELL-ANS  
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*At all druggists and department stores*

#### A Proper Restraint

**G**RIBBLE & SON, wholesalers, had sold a bill of goods to J. H. West, a merchant at a little cross-roads village in Missouri, and when the goods arrived at the village Mr. West had refused them. The wholesale firm prepared to institute suit for collection and wrote to the railroad agent at the village for information about the arrival of the merchandise, to the president of the bank for information concerning the financial standing of their customer, to the mayor of the city asking him to recommend a good lawyer to handle their case, and to Mr. West, threatening suit if he did not make payment at once. Mr. West answered:

"I received the letter telling me I had better pay up. I am the railroad agent at Crossings, and also received the letter you wrote to the agent. I am president and sole owner of the local bank, and can assure you as to my financial standing. As mayor of the city I hesitate to refer you to a lawyer, since I am the only member of the bar in this vicinity. If I was not also pastor of the Methodist church I would tell you to go to the devil!"

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS**  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
**—MADE AT KEY WEST—**

**CHARLES G. NORRIS'S NOVEL**  
**BRASS**

**A Novel of Marriage**

is by the Author of "Salt." Read it.

\$2.00 at any bookshop or from E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Ave., N. Y.

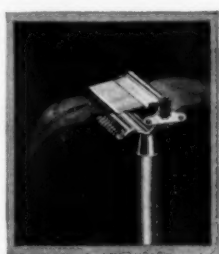
#### Are You a Life Liner?

**G**OOD greeting! Beginning with and including the first issue in September, every three months thereafter we will award a prize of one hundred dollars for the best Life Line published within that period. The members of the staff of LIFE are of course barred out of this contest.

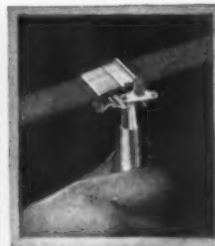
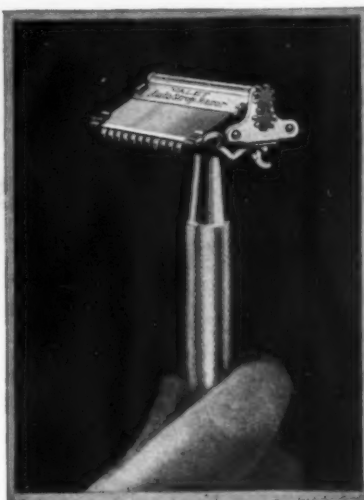
That is to say, every three months until further notice, beginning next December (the announcement to be made a little later than the first issue

in the month) we will award a prize of one hundred dollars to the author of the best Life Line published during the previous three months, the award to be made by the Editorial staff of LIFE. A check will follow immediately. In the meantime, Life Lines accepted will be paid for at the rate of five dollars each, on acceptance. Try your luck. Study the Life Lines page in this issue, and you will get a good idea of the kind of material to submit. Our motto, "A Laugh in Every Life Line."

## THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES



*Just slip the strop through the razor*



*A few quick strokes—the blade is keen again*

### Sharpens itself on a straight leather strop

Less time is needed to sharpen *this* razor than to change the blade in an ordinary safety razor. *Ten seconds* for a new keen edge—a smooth comfortable shave every day!

This razor sharpens its own blades on a straight leather strop. No knack is needed. A few quick strokes—and you get a keen, fresh edge morning after morning. The Valet AutoStrop Razor strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.

*Save the money you spend on blades each year!* With this razor you are guaranteed 500 perfect shaves from every full package of blades. Ask your razor dealer to demonstrate the Valet AutoStrop Razor for you today.

**VALET**  
**AutoStrop Razor**

Silver plated razor, strop, year's \$5<sup>00</sup>  
supply of blades, in compact case

Strops and blades may also be bought separately.

*Saves constant blade expense*

## Study This Picture

You don't always know how really cheerful a situation is when your back is turned to it. The monkey in Mr. Sullivan's drawing to the right is taking himself too seriously. Most of us are not quite so bad as that, but—if you take LIFE regularly, you are not likely to take yourself so seriously.

Obey that Impulse



### Special Offer

Enclosed find  
One Dollar (Ca-  
nadian, \$1.20; For-  
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lofty position in LIFE,"  
remarked the Monk, "en-  
ables me to exert a pro-  
found influence over my  
constituents."